

undue haste at present, but getting there eventually all the same.

A run out by foot auto to the Foundry M. E. Church at 4 o'clock in the afternoon was for the purpose of hearing the baccalaureate sermon of Bishop McDowell, preached for the graduating class of George Washington University. Here again the flag was in evidence.

The ministers and the churches of Washington city are up against it, as it is rapidly becoming the same familiar case nation-wide in her big cities and large towns, how to get anything like a fair congregation out to the evening services.

But the movies! While the churches, with but rare exceptions, are comparative Saharas of empty benches, the picture shows on Sabbath nights are packed and jammed. The nation is becoming amusement mad, and creating a serious temptation to the average preacher to compete with the movies in the introduction of side-line attractions to the gospel, in order to get the crowd out to his night services.

Monday morning we dropped into the monthly meeting of the Presbyterian Ministerial Union of the city, and were extended the courtesy of an introduction as a corresponding member.

A live question for discussion was the ways and means for meeting the moral and spiritual needs of the thousands of soldiers that are gathering in the various army camps adjacent to the city.

The writer made a visit on Saturday to the "Officers' Reserve" Training Camp, located at Fort Myer across the Potomac, on the Virginia side, where nearly 3,000 young men are undergoing military instruction.

The surprising charge was made, on the floor of the Union, that the Red Cross authorities are placing a pack of playing cards in the knapsack of each soldier at the camp.

Learning at this meeting that there would be a gathering that afternoon at a public hall of all the ministers of the different denominations, to handle this soldier welfare problem, the writer took that one in also.

It was called to order by District Commissioner Brownlow, who outlined what he wanted the religious forces of Washington to do in the acute situation now confronting them.

A genuine jolt was staged at this meeting—for the writer, at least. When the Commissioner had concluded his brief remarks, and excused himself from further attendance on the plea of a very pressing engagement, he stepped down with the remark, "I have asked Mrs. Hopkins to act as my representative." Instantly and without a moment's hesitation, a handsomely gowned woman, the only member of her sex there, and on hand evidently for this set purpose, ascended the platform and took charge of the whole outfit. With her assumption of the moderator's chair we fled in precipitate haste, ringing in our ears the dead-letter, obsolete words of Paul—"I suffer not a woman to usurp authority over the man."

Possibly it was not looked upon as an act of "usurpation," but simply in the way of an up-to-date exercise of feminine "rights."

That the woman held the fort as the presiding genius of that gathering of the sterner sex we may be permitted to assume, as the local papers in their report failed to mention, so far as we could see, that some "mere man" had been subsequently chosen to preside over this meeting of the men.

As a companion picture to this scene of a woman assuming masculine functions, about half an hour later we saw the edifying spectacle of a trio of dull-faced and bluish "silent sentinels" standing listless at the avenue entrance to the White House grounds, display-

ing a banner with the strange device of votes for women.

Corra Harris centered the mark when she penned a prophetic paragraph a few years ago in the Independent, that there was a rapidly growing lessened regard for women on the part of men, throughout the country. Nor has one far afield to go to discern the reason why.

On our way back to our lodgings we stopped a moment or two to copy a notice printed in front of a prominent church:

"Musical and Strawberry Festival. Epiphany Parish Hall. Benefit Epiphany Chapel. Monday, June 4, 8 P. M. Dancing and Refreshments. Admission 25 cents."

"Can ye not discern the signs of the times, as familiarly and conventionally featured in some of the phases and characteristics of the Sabbath and everyday life of the capital of the nation?"

A rapidly disappearing sense of the supreme authority of the fourth commandment. Wide open theatricals and stores on God's Holy Day. The house of worship largely neglected by the masses of the people. Feminine discontent with a woman's divinely ordained estate, and with a frenzied clamor and an assertive exercise of so-called equal rights. An element of churches in competition with public amusement places as purveyors of questionable, if not actually sinful, worldly pleasures.

"What shall the harvest be?"

Montgomery, W. Va.

#### EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

By Henry M. Hall.

It was about the year 1850 that, as a young man, I left New York City for Columbia, S. C., for a year's sojourn in the Palmetto State. It was in the autumn season, and the trip southward was romantic, picturesque, sentimental and exhilarating. At that season of youthful dreams and aspirations, the world of people, of nature, and of the United States of America, seemed gloriously good. I felt that I loved everybody, and everybody loved me, and also the great Creator of our beautiful world. Charleston, of my early historic dream, was a charming city, and its situation on the harbor and appearance was grand.

At that period, no continuous railroad travel from the north had yet been inaugurated, hence my trip was pleasantly varied, by steamboat interludes. Columbia proved a lovely and interesting home, and its people all so courteous with their cordial Southern manners. The streets regularly laid out in squares, and more or less lined with double drives of fine trees. The environments of this pretty capital of the State, I found delightful for horseback riding, and more interesting in this pleasant autumn period.

The various churches were all enticing as a study of Southern life. The large Presbyterian Church, where I attended during my stay, had a fine congregation of the most cultivated people, perhaps, of the city. At that time the colored servants, household helpers and their families occupied the galleries. There were many pleasant society entertainments, lectures, etc., during the winter season, which was mild, with only one snowstorm occurring.

The center of attraction, at that politically exciting period, even ten years before our family disagreements and uncivil war, was interesting fiery debates and discussion; not always harmonious. The pleasantest spot for me was the "Theological Seminary," under the direction of Rev. Dr. Thomwell, where I found many congenial spirits, fitting them-

selves for service for the Master and his adherents. A blessed life work! After a delightful year in this renowned central city, I had a "sentimental journey" up the State to the industrial little city of Greenville. Then over the mountains of three or four magnificent Southern States to Lexington, Ky., the home then of my cherished hero, Henry Clay. The Southland, since then, has ever been dear to my memory.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

#### SOME TYPICAL VIRGINIANS I HAVE SEEN.

By Wm. Laurie Hill.

In a recent number of your paper I saw pictures of seven Virginians, who will live throughout the ages of history, and of the seven I have seen three, and known personally one.

I never saw Stonewall Jackson but once, and that was during the seven days' fighting around Richmond. He rode into the city one beautiful Sunday morning, attended the services at the Second Presbyterian Church, and was—for the afternoon—a guest of Rev. Dr. Moses D. Hoge.

Jackson was of a wonderful personality—and to have seen him is one of the most pleasing memories of my life. For him greatness was predicted by one of his old students, Mr. Alexander Bruce, of Berry Hill, Charlotte County, Va., very early in the war, and Mr. Bruce lived to see his prediction verified.

Only a few years before the beginning of the Confederate War, Ex-President John Tyler delivered an address at Richmond and was greeted by a most appreciative audience. Mr. Tyler was at his best, and it was a great pleasure to the writer to hear that address.

It is my privilege to say that I know, and have had a brief interview, with our honored President Woodrow Wilson.

During the Jamestown Exposition. I heard two remarkable men speak the same day. One was Hughes, the then Governor of New York, and Woodrow Wilson, Governor of New Jersey. Both were able addresses, but Woodrow Wilson paid attention particularly to the trusts and what he said was but a foreshadowing of what he would do if given the opportunity.

At that time Roosevelt was President, and Mr. Wilson expressed very little faith in his willingness to prosecute the trusts. When Woodrow Wilson was nominated the writer wrote reminding him of the conversation at Jamestown, and received a prophetic letter from him, in which he said: "I am pleased to see that the press of the country (regardless of party) are advocating a pure, sane and economical government. As the press goes—in this country—so will go this election." The triumphant election of Wilson was the fulfillment of his prophecy.

The press of this country, both secular and religious, is a wonderful factor in the making and directing of public opinion. The country newspaper is not appreciated as it should be as the mouthpiece of its constituency, and there is no great leader in our land who sees and recognizes what it is doing for the masses more than Woodrow Wilson. He recognizes the power of the press as few men do, for he is indebted to the press for much of the success that has attended his wonderful administration.

Having lived through eight-tenths of a century of our history, and having seen with my own eyes the wonderful events and discoveries that have been brought to light with the passing years, it is a pleasure to recall memories of many of the men who have helped in the making of our history as a nation.

Maxton, N. C.